

The Broad Ax.

PUBLISHED WEEKLY.

Will promulgate and at all times uphold the true principles of Democracy, but farmers, Catholics, Protestants, Knights of Labor, Indians, Mormons, Republicans, Priests, or any one else can have their say, so long as their language is proper and responsibility is fixed. The Broad Ax is a newspaper whose platform is broad enough for all, ever claiming the editorial right to speak its own mind. Local communications will have attention; write only on one side of the paper.

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JULIUS F. TAYLOR, Publisher and Editor.

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The man who knows enough to be decent need not sit up nights to remedy other defects in his education.

The fact that a man is busier than other people is apt to cause him to acquire the idea that he is more useful.

The Iron Ore association has dwindled down to a combination of Carnegie and Rockefeller, but it is still hefty.

The demand for good roads is heard in all parts of the union, and if there's any virtue in demanding a thing we shall get them.

It was the Bulgarian atrocities that culminated in Plevna. Cretan outrages may be the beginning of the end of Turkish rule in Europe.

How brittle is the thread of life! Dr. Dill of De Soto, Ind., died from blood poisoning contracted from scratching an ankle while getting into a buggy.

A musical bicycle has appeared in England. The motion of the vehicle grinds out the tunes, and the wheelman whirrs along to the strains of lively harmony. Nice, isn't it?

It is stated that the number of persons killed in the United States last year by overhead wires was greater than the number killed by railways. They are called live wires, but they mean death.

One of the wisest of ancient philosophers said that he knew only one thing, and that was that he knew nothing. The writers of the inevitable "cabinet gossip" that helps to fill the newspapers for nearly four months after a Presidential election, manage to demonstrate conclusively that they know everything except the one thing that this wise old Greek happened to know.

It sometimes happens that while men of great wealth are being denounced as plutocratic enemies of the "masses" of the people, some large-hearted plutocrat at that very time is engaged in maturing a plan to put a million dollars or more at the service of the poor. These are coincidences, not replies to indiscriminate charges. The most recent instance is that afforded by Mr. J. Pierpont Morgan's million-dollar gift to charity.

Crime has become so prevalent in Washita county, Oklahoma Territory, that 300 farmers have met at Cloud Chief and organized a law-and-order league. Every member agreed not to go on the bond of any person charged with felony; to help officers hunt down all criminals; to protect all witnesses for the state, and to prosecute any person who attempts to intimidate witnesses. It is also tacitly understood that they will promptly hang the first cattle thief or murderer caught.

How contemptible is the miserable man who, by smooth tongue and slick ways, gets worthy people into his clutches to be bunkered, robbed or murdered! Conspicuous in his class just now is Butler, the Australian multi-murderer, who was recently captured in San Francisco on board the Swan-hilda. While on the vessel he was known in sailor parlance as an "angel sailor." He used no bad language and objected to any coarse or profane expressions being used by his shipmates. One day at mess, when a sailor rudely snatched a piece of bread from the hand of another, Butler, who valued human life as cheaply as that of a goat, was so outraged at this breach of table etiquette that, after glaring angrily at the offender, he remarked that he had once killed a negro in West Australia for a less offense than that. Altogether this man, who lured his victims to the mountains and made them dig their own graves, was much too nice to associate with the herd of common sailors he shipped with. Beware of confidence men—men who have spells of being too good. They are usually after either your money or your life.

We hear, from time to time, criticism of missionaries which is at once sweeping and slanderous. On the other hand, official testimony to their worth and work is abundant. The secretary of state for India bears witness in this strong way: "The government of India cannot but acknowledge the great obligation under which it is laid by the benevolent exertions made by missionaries, whose blameless example and self-denying labors are infusing new vigor into the stereotyped life of the great population placed under English rule."

FORAKER'S FAMILY.

INTERESTING CHILDREN OF THE OHIO MAN.

Three Charming Daughters Who Will Exert an Influence in Social Affairs at the Capitol—Residing at the Arlington Hotel.



(Washington Letter.)
ON JOSEPH BENSON FORAKER, who has succeeded Senator Brice, bids fair to become the most conspicuous figure of the coming administration. A great power in his own state and wielding an enormous influence, his impress on the complexion of the coming session cannot but be a powerful one, and though already one of the foremost politicians of the day, it is expected that he will add new laurels to the fame won in a lesser field.

The family of Senator Foraker will reside in rooms at the Arlington Hotel. With the exception of Miss Louise, who is attending school in Paris, and little Arthur, all were present at the inauguration. Benson Foraker will act as his father's private secretary.

Senator Foraker's home in Cincinnati is a pretty one in the suburbs of Walnut Hills, comfortably but not luxuriously furnished. It is of wood, with a broad porch across the front, while a wide lawn makes a dainty green setting for the picture. It is expected that when the family have established themselves in town they will take an active part in social life, for there are three daughters, all of them pretty girls, in the household.

Mrs. Foraker was a Miss Julia Bundy, a daughter of the late Ezekiah Bundy who was for many years a member of congress from Ohio, and whose interests in iron won for him the title of the "Iron King." She is a member of the Methodist Church, being a great worker in that denomination and having been educated at

the Methodist Seminary, at Delaware. Julia Bundy was attending this seminary when she met young Captain Foraker and the gallant soldier at once laid siege to her heart. She graduated from the college in 1868, and in a short while was married to the captain. It is now twenty-six years since their wedding bells rang, but time has only tightened the bonds of their mutual affection.

Mrs. Foraker is a tall and fine-looking woman, a woman of intellectual force, kindly disposition, a devoted wife and most loving mother. She has been a most admirable companion for her husband, being deeply interested in his career and keeping up so well on political questions that he never takes a step without consulting her in the matter first. She has five children, the oldest being Joseph Benson Foraker, Jr., who but recently graduated at Cornell and is now in his father's office, and the youngest, Arthur, a pretty boy of 4.

Young Foraker was the first child born to any member of the class of law at Cornell of '68, and when the other men who had studied with Mr. Foraker heard the news, they sent to the heir a beautiful silver cup. Mr. Foraker, Jr., is a handsome man, inheriting his father's talents and being a member of the firm which bears his father's name. He is called Benson, his second name, by the members of his family.

The next child is Miss Florence M., who was educated partly at home, finishing her course in New York. She is slender in appearance, with dark hair and eyes of the same hue, and for two seasons has been one of the belles of fashionable society in Cincinnati. The next daughter is Miss Louise, now in the THREE MISSES FORAKER. Paris, having once attended school in New York. She will probably be among the debutantes of next winter at the capital. The youngest girl is Miss Julia, who is at Dobb's Ferry. She has a sweet face and wears her hair in the parted style, which gives an attractive look of pliancy to the rounded contour. Both in music and painting she gives promise of considerable talent, and she, like her two sisters, rides a wheel, the three making, last summer, a tour of Europe on bikes under the care of a lady friend.

The baby of the household is Arthur St. Clair, who was born in April, 1892, when the senator was in attendance at the state convention. His name is in honor of Governor Arthur St. Clair, who was a revolutionary soldier and one of the early settlers in the great territory then known as the northwest. Arthur is a sturdy lad and bears a striking resemblance to his distinguished father.

Senator Foraker was born on a farm near Rainsborough, Highland county, Ohio, on July 5, 1846. His family were poor and his youth was spent much in the manner that it is passed by most boys, finding health and development among the fields of his father's home. Then came the first guns of the civil war and the poor boy on the farm in what was then the far west was fired with an ambition to shoulder a musket and march with the rest of the boys in blue. That was the goal of his young dreams, the color which tinted his life. So, though but a boy in his sixteenth year, he left home, and in July, 1862, joined the Eighty-ninth regiment of volunteers as a private. He was still too young to be allowed to enter the army and it is told that he managed to get square with his conscience by writing the figure "18" on the bottoms of his boots and telling the officer, before whom he appeared, that he was "over eighteen," which was certainly the truth when he was standing for examination.

Within a month's time after joining the army of the Cumberland the young private had seen hard service and was raised in August to the rank of sergeant, reaching by March, 1864, the position of first lieutenant. After Atlanta was taken by the Union troops he was detailed for work in the signal corps and placed for duty on the staff of Major-General Henry W. Slocum, who was in command of one wing of Gen. Sherman's army. It was while acting in this capacity that he made himself conspicuous for his bravery and often risked his life to safely deliver important dispatches entrusted to his care.

Young Foraker was with Sherman during his famous "March to the Sea," and for his valuable service was made a captain in March, 1865. But peace soon came and the young man, who was then but nearing his nineteenth year, was mustered out of service as a captain who had won highest honors of which veterans might be proud. He then entered the Ohio Wesleyan university, at Delaware, and in 1868 became a law student at Cornell, graduating from that institution in 1869. His commencement paper was entitled "Three Hundred Lawyers," the odd name being suggested by the fact that

while on his first visit to Cincinnati, during his vacation, he was told that the city boasted of three hundred legal lights. This was small encouragement to the young country boy, but he set up his shingle after leaving college and was soon elected judge of the Superior court in the Queen City. He rose to the honored position of governor of his state in 1885, was re-elected in 1887, but defeated in 1889 by Gov. Campbell. In 1896 he was elected to the United States senate to succeed Senator Calvin S. Brice, his term beginning at the calling of the new congress by McKinley immediately after the inauguration.

In appearance Senator Foraker is a man of fine physique. He cares but little for society, but is devoted to his home, which is a most happy one. His mother and father are alive, still at the old farm on which the senator's boyhood days were spent, the father being 81 years of age and the mother 76. His life is a busy one, his practice being a very large one, which, with his political work, takes up most of his time. He is regarded as an admirable man, a born leader of others, a sincere republican and a man of strong convictions. His services to the party have been of a national character, his work as a lawyer was the most careful, while his decisions as judge won him the respect of the legal fraternity. Such is the man who will within a few weeks enter upon a new sphere of life which will find its future action among the great events which transpire at a nation's capital.

Bishop Moore's Ballad.

The holidays are not yet so remote but that many people may be interested to know that the house in which Bishop Clement C. Moore wrote his immortal ballad, "Twas the night before Christmas," is still standing in West Twenty-second street, New York, and is inhabited by a family whose cordial hospitality keeps up the cheery associations indissolubly connected with the poem. The poem was written about 1840, for the amusement of the author's own children, and it would be difficult to estimate how many children, big and little, have been enlivened by it since.

More Fun.

Mother—Instead of beating the cat, Willie, I wish you would amuse yourself with your doll. Willie—Yes; but when I beat the cat he howls, and the doll doesn't—Boston Globe.

A Novel Poem.

A pencil with a tiny electric point, and a small pocket battery, to enable one to make notes in the dark is a recent novelty.

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THE BEER MARKER.

A LITTLE WOOL PUPPET THAT IS VERY POPULAR.

Used to Designate Particular Mugs—Made by One Old Woman—Caricatures of Many Well-Known Politicians.



HERE is one feature of the great beer halls of Germany and particularly of Munich unknown to the frequenters of like resorts in this country, says the New York Herald. It is a feature so simple, so sensible and so picturesque, too, that it is surprising that it has not been imported along with German beer and the custom of beer-drinking in resorts of large size. It is something that all visitors to German beer halls remark immediately and with pleasure and speak of as soon as they get home. This feature is the use of beer markers. A beer marker is nothing more or less than a little puppet of knitted wool, about four inches high. Its purpose is to designate the beer mug you send back to be replenished, so that you may be sure of getting the same one back again and not one used by some other person. They use mugs entirely on the other side and the pewter lids are provided with fasteners which hold your beer marker securely. When the keller returns with half a dozen or more refilled mugs it is an easy matter for the drinker to recognize his own particular marker. It was Munich, the home of the beer, where the custom of using beer markers was inaugurated. The Lowenbrau Keller, one of the most famous resorts in Germany, is the headquarters of the beer marker. An old woman known in every quarter of Germany as the beer-marker woman, has the privileges of the resort. She knits the quaint markers herself and every evening may be seen wandering from table to table with a basket of them, which she sells for fifty pfennigs, or about 12 cents, apiece. These beer markers are caricatures of well-known men. Emperor William is one of the most popular figures to be seen, a born ruler of majestic presence (knitted), with his manly breast covered with emblems made of tin. His brown yarn mustaches sweep across his face as if they wanted to kiss his ears, while a faint tinge of red paint gives color to his fat cheeks. The little figure is carefully made, and the kaiser grasps his sword as if he were showing his troops the proper way to fight. Bismarck naturally comes next in popularity, and not far behind follow Dr. Windthorst and Eugene Richter, his two greatest political opponents. Note Bismarck's three hairs. They are all he has in the world, and the woman who knits the "iron chancellor" did not forget a single one. Then there is Caprivi. Caprivi succeeded Bismarck as chancellor, but did not stay in power long. There was a dead set against his policy from the beginning, but during his short term of office he became noted throughout the empire. This beer marker is not half so effective as that of Lieut. von Breusewitz, who lately set the tongue of Germany agog by killing a civilian in a duel. Breusewitz is more or less of a military bully and his opponent is said to have been guilty of no offense. Hence the stir. The shah of Persia and the emperor of Russia are popular as beer markers, and Boulanger, in red knit trousers, blue knit coat and a beautiful white plume, is still to be seen in the beer halls. At the present time one of the most caricatured men in Germany is Father Kneipp, the noted preacher of the "Kneipp cure." Kneipp's theory is that nervous troubles may be cured if people will systematically promenade with bare feet in the early morning dew. The beer marker shows a philanthropic face and a watering-pot, from which latter the good "pfarrer" obtains artificial dew.

One of the most popular of all the beer markers is the pretty kellerin, or beermaid, with her gay bodice and her two beer mugs—a familiar figure to the Germans. You also find many examples of "Wurzl," the old vegetable woman with a carrot in her hand and a knobby nose that almost touches her chin. We also frequently see Wurzl Sepp, who, next to the kaiser and Bismarck, is probably the best-known man in Germany. He is a queer old fellow—a hermit, in short—who runs an illicit still among the mountains and who may frequently be seen in this most picturesque costume. A short time ago he was seen at the Berlin exhibition. Lastly comes a little beer marker in a long robe and hood, with a radish in one hand and a beer mug in the other. He is called the "Munchener Kindl," or "Munich child." By some mysterious chain of events, in the olden time the arms of Munich became a little monk or "Monchen," from which we get the German "Munich," or Munich. Now, the little monk held a bible in one of his hands, and raised the other in exhortation. But in the Lowenbrau Keller we find him with the radish and the beer mug. The radish, it may be added, is an indispensable accompaniment to a mug of beer in Munich. It is cut lengthwise in long, thin strips. It is then opened like a book and each leaf is sprinkled with salt and then closed again.

Ministerial Ideas.

"By trying to become great preachers, observes the New York Observer, not a few ministers dwindle into little preachers, inasmuch as they make an end of the means, instead of adapting the means to the end. They work for sermons, rather than for souls. Never in the history of the pulpit, perhaps, were more carefully prepared and elaborately delivered discourses offered to congregations than in our day. The very emphasis placed on the thought and form of the sermon seems so to minimize the spiritual dynamic of the message that it sinks to the lower plane of an intellectual and emotional appeal instead of soaring to the soul-moving heights where spiritual forces are at work. Such misplaced emphasis inevitably reacts upon the preacher, robbing him of the elements of true pulpit power."

Why He Liked It.

Stranger—So this is a prohibition town, is it? Native—Yes, sir. Stranger—Well, I swear I don't see how as intelligent and fine looking a man as you can stand it in a place where such a ridiculous law is put in force. Native—My dear sir, it meets with my enthusiastic approval. I wouldn't have things changed for a good deal. Stranger—Come, now, I can't believe that. Explain yourself. Native—Well, you see, I run the only drug store in town.—Cleveland Leader.

Moral Only.

"As to stout women riding the wheel," said the empiricist, "I am free to say that they seem to lose thereby something of moral weight and that's about all."—Detroit Journal.

The Surprise Party.

The surprise party that surprises the surprisers isn't worth the profanity that is usually heaped up in the front yard.—Exchange.

MYSTERIOUS WAYS OF WARTS.

One that Was "Wished Off" of a Child's Finger

"The more I study into the question of warts," said a well-known physician to a Washington Star man, "the more convinced I am that there is but little known of them. It is surprising what few references are made to warts by the standard writers. In many of the leading books on surgery there is no mention at all of warts, and as a result physicians are almost as much in the dark about them as others. To tell the truth, I have got more information from old nurses about warts than I ever did from my medical or surgical lecturers or from my reading. Hundreds and hundreds of times patients have asked me how to get rid of warts and my answer has generally been to let them alone and that they would go away as mysteriously as they came. Of course, I could cut them off or burn them off with caustic or nitric acid but my experience has been that two or three came back for every one so removed. A few weeks since I was visiting the wife of a southern senator, who has two grandchildren with her this winter. One of the grandchildren had a big wart on the end of the forefinger of the right hand, and, of course, hit it every time the child touched anything. I was asked if I could do anything to remove it, and I replied as usual to let it alone and that in a short time it would disappear. This, however, was but little comfort to the lady, who said the child, a little boy of 4 years, was, she thought, in constant pain from it. I then told her that if she wished the wart from the little fellow and on herself it would likely change places, and that it would be necessary for her to 'wish very hard' to make a sure transfer. I had forgotten all about it till Tuesday last, when I visited the lady again. Strange as it may sound, the wart had left the grandchild's finger and was on her own, and giving her a great deal of pain, too."

ARTIST WAS A PROPHET.

So Suggested the Director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art

It is not merely the private collectors who are practiced on by the traffickers in bogus "old masters," says the New York Mail and Express. Sometimes they fly higher and sometimes they may be deceived themselves. In the latter class, perhaps, was the woman who wrote to Gen. di Cesnola, director of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, with the information that she owned a treasure which she wished to realize upon at once and would dispose of at a sacrifice. This treasure, she said, was a celebrated painting of St. Michael carving the dragon, according to the legend of the early Christian church. It was a very old subject, but the canvas was in a good state of preservation. Her great-grandfather had dug it out of the ruins of Herculaneum. Gen. di Cesnola at once directed a reply, in which he said in substance: "Madam, if the facts are as you state, you are holding the painting at too low a figure. It is worth millions if it is worth a cent. Herculaneum has been lying under the lava of Vesuvius for two thousand years. That the canvas should have escaped destruction when the mountain poured forth its fiery contents on the towns at its base is indeed remarkable. That it has further resisted the disintegrating hand of time is no less remarkable. That the artist should have shown a spirit of prophecy and delineated an incident long before it happened is more than remarkable. It is miraculous. You should keep the St. Michael." In a day or two the director received a second letter from the woman. It ran thus: "If the picture is really valuable, I don't see why you won't take it at \$500."

Ministerial Ideas.

Why He Liked It.

Moral Only.

The Surprise Party.

Headquarters SEEDS

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Hood's Sarsaparilla

Is the One True Blood Purifier. All druggists, \$1, six for \$5.

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